

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1858.

Correspondents will readily agree at a careful observation of the following directions:

"I desire nothing more than the publication, or retaining in any way, of the contents of the paper, which should be addressed, 'Letters to the Anti-Slavery Standard, 185 Nassau Street, New York.'

TO DONORS.

Those who have made pledges to the American Anti-Slavery Society, and those who intend, whether pledged or not, to do something in aid of its operations the current year, are reminded that this season is the time when such aid is most needed. Such Donations will be gladly received and promptly acknowledged either by Francis Jackson, Boston, or S. H. Gay, New York.

THE PENNSYLVANIA ANNIVERSARY.

We devote nearly two pages of the present issue to Mr. Parkhurst's faithful Report of the Proceedings of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society at its Twenty-second Anniversary, held last week in West Chester. Illness having prevented us from attending the meeting, our only knowledge of its character is derived from this report and from the testimony of those who were so fortunate as to be participants in the proceedings. The information thus derived, however, is of the most satisfactory kind. The reporter's account—necessarily much condensed—will speak for itself. A member of the Society gives us a general description of the meeting, from which we are at liberty to copy as follows:

"Our meeting was an admirable one. Not so large, perhaps, as we have had before; but nevertheless it was a solid meeting, made up of substantial and earnest people. There was a grave dignity and high-toned spirituality in its proceedings which distinguished it from common gatherings. The speakers seemed impressed with the seriousness of the occasion, and the people listened with corresponding attention. Mr. Garrison was weighty and powerful, as usual. His words were 'apple of gold in pictures of silver.' Mr. Blew's account of the workings of emancipation in the West Indies was of thrilling interest. I wish he could go all through the States repeating it; it would be an invaluable help to the cause."

"Through what would he call an orator, he is a most interesting speaker. His appearance is impressive, his voice rich and sonorous, and his words well chosen and impressive. Altogether his presence added much to the interest of the meeting.

"But the occasion was not left to depend on foreign aid for its interest. Our own speakers, THOMAS WHISWELL, LUCERET MOTT, HENRY GRAY, SIMPSON PRESTON, ROBERT COLVER, MARY GEEW, JOSEPH A. DUGDALE, THOMAS GARRETT, ELIZABETH WILLIAMS, and J. M. MC-KIN, took an active part in the meeting and contributed their full share to its profitableness. None of them spoke better or more to the purpose than Elizabeth Williams. Though illiterate, she is a woman of strong sense and high-toned feeling, and when she speaks she is sure to make an impression. But I need not describe the proceedings; you will have them, and, if not too much condensed, they will speak for themselves."

"The Annual Report was a document possessing some historical interest, but rather long for publication in full in your columns. It traces the anti-slavery movement in Pennsylvania from its earliest organic origin to the present time—marking its several stages of rise, calculation and decline; noticing its temporary obscurity after the Missionary struggle, its revival in 1831, and the successive stages of its progress from that time to this, deriving from the whole lessons of instruction, reprobation and encouragement.

"The amount of funds collected was not large, and much effort having been made to that end; but a Committee of twenty-five was appointed to complete the work by canvassing their several neighborhoods; and from the readiness with which they allowed themselves to be set apart for the duty, there is reason to believe that it will be well and promptly performed.

"Altogether it was a most excellent meeting, reviving, encouraging, strengthening; in short, one of the best we have ever held."

We regret our inability to publish the Annual Report this week. It shall have a place in our next.

Garrison Summ in New-York.—The announcement that Gerrit Smith would present himself as a candidate for Governor, to answer any pertinent interrogatories that might be addressed to him, attracted a large audience to the Cooper Institute on Wednesday evening, the 6th inst. The character of Mr. Smith as a wealthy philanthropist, the novelty of his political views, and his reputation for eloquence are sufficient to command the public curiosity to hear him without supposing that any considerable number of voters are likely to give him their suffrage. We believe, however, that he has made a strong appeal upon a large portion of the public mind, and an impression favorable to him as a man of high integrity, and, to a certain extent, to the cause of which he is the champion.

The interrogatories addressed to him were various, leading him into a pretty full development of his peculiar theories of civil government and his views of public questions. His assertion of the doctrine of human brotherhood is to the upholders of the slave system a blow of no small magnitude.

The changes in the public sentiment also in the measure of freedom to the slaves, they were considered as stronger than the fire of the artillery and the bayonets of the infantry. The 500,000 men in France, constituting the army of France, are numerically strong; but they are regarded as full of significance. It was true that since the establishment of this Society two millions had been added to the number of slaves; that slavery had been lengthened its cords and strengthened its stakes by large additions of slave territory; that now the Southern market was entirely thrown aside, and the most horrible doctrines were advocated with regard to slavery. But it was to be remembered also that twenty-two years ago the idea of liberty in this country was a mere口号 (battlecry), against Old England, and not a clear conception of the rights of man or of the doctrine of equality to be carried out over the world and among all people.

There was every reason for encouragement. The danger is that they might be satisfied with a few issues and principles, and insensibly lose sight of their object in the deliverance of the slaves. They were consequently at ease in the soul; the old sturdy days of democracy had gone forever. But the war was not yet ended, and, however favorable by past results, they should not lower their standard until victory was complete.

After some further remarks in relation to business arrangements, the Convention adjourned until 2 o'clock p.m.

TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL MEETING OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Reported for the Standard by Henry M. PARKERSON.

The Twenty-second Annual Meeting of this Society was held in West Chester, and commenced its session upon Wednesday, Oct. 6.

Mr. MORRIS, the President of the Society, in calling the meeting to order, remarked that although he had labored for twenty-two years for the abolition of slavery, yet slavery continued to exist; but he hoped that those who should live to labor twenty years longer would see it abolished.

On motion of J. M. MC-KIN, Simon Barnard was appointed Secretary pro tem.

On motion of Mr. MORRIS, the President was requested to designate eight persons to serve as a Business Committee. The following were appointed: Thomas Garrett, Mary Gray, Thomas Whitson, J. M. McKin, Charles Peirce, Mrs. Peirce, Wm. Lloyd Garrison and Lucretia Mott.

Mrs. MOTT said that the remark of the President had led her to take a rapid review of the labor performed by the Society, and of the magnitude of the work, to see whether they were unprofitable servants, and had done so little of their duty. Upon entering the car this morning, she could not help counting, and found that the City of Philadelphia, with its hundred thousand inhabitants, had sent less than fifty to attend this meeting. And now to find so few present to manifest their interest in this reform seemed a little discouraging, and to require a great deal of faith to persevere.

On the other hand, comparing the condition of the country now with its condition in the early days of the reform, observing that the progress of the cause in the South, in the political world, and in the social circle, she thought ought to be greatly encouraged; for their labor had had its effect.

Mr. GARRISON said that the remark of the President ought to be for slavery was to be for robbery, arson, burglary, or any other sin; for it was all crimes in one. He believed that there was a great lack of personal decent conduct, and that the colored are profligate, or in forgery, we should deeply condemn them; and, as far as he would let a pickpocket or a forger than a profligate man, or even an apostate for slavery, ought to apologize in regard to the condition of those around whom they are pro-slavery. For to slavery was he for robbery, for lewdness, for murder, for heathenism, for all other abominations which are the legitimate outgrowth of the tree of slavery. We ought to proclaim to them that they can have no just hope of heaven; that for them to expect God to hear their prayers unless they are persistent a terrible delusion; that they are essentially dishonest, practically tyrants; that the blood of those who are in bondage is upon their garments, no matter how respectable they may be, no matter what their religious character might seem. In, before God, and in the judgment of the world, they can have no hope of salvation in this state of mind. We should let them know that they are a mere pestilence, more loathsome, but with fidelity. It is impossible that colored men should love their fellow men, should see the horrible transformation of one common humanity into perishable property and care nothing for life.

Mr. GARRISON was pleased to show the Annual Report had been made so thoroughly a State master. Massachusetts must do her part of the work, and Pennsylvania her; neither can do the work of the other. It was of no special consequence here what was the opinion or the position of South Carolina; but it was of very great importance what was the position of Pennsylvania. These ought to be no cooperation between Pennsylvania and the South. But Pennsylvania was in peace with Georgia and Carolina, and hostile to the abolition movement, especially the colored world; religiously, morally, politically, every way except physically. The colored people in Pennsylvania were pro-slavery; it was for that reason that the Society had become so small, its funds, and its means of action so circumscribed. The clergy of Pennsylvania were not watchmen upon the walls of Zion, blowing a certain sound, but their sympathies were with the demoralized public sentiment. Abolition was everywhere opposed by the great mass of the people; not that they knew much, if anything, upon this subject, one way or the other, but that they are in the hands of the demagogues, wolves in sheep's clothing, who array them against our movement.

Simon BARNARD said that there were local reasons which had some effect in interfering with a large congregation.

Mr. GARRISON said that the small attendance this morning had arisen from the prevalent habit of waiting at the government, we see the result of anti-slavery effort. The fabric is perfectly tottering. Every wind of political doctrine which assails it shakes it to its foundation, because it is based upon the assumption of the Constitution. It is impossible that it should rest secure or make any progress while those compromises exist.

Even, therefore, if the Anti-Slavery Conventions should diminish in numbers, they should persevere and take courage. So great is the glorious temple of liberty that the heaven of heavens cannot contain it; how much less these little organizations, these houses by which we have gathered together a large assembly, in moulding the opinions and sentiments of the people. There are laborers of various kinds in the field; and although they may not all come up to the high standard of this Society, yet they all rest upon the foundation of love, mercy and justice; and so far as we are consistent with that, their measures would have a good effect.

Looking at the government, we see the result of anti-slavery effort. The fabric is perfectly tottering.

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LINES

Written for the Amherst and Salisbury Horticultural Exhibition,
28th June, 1852.

True day, true day,
The bright sun glistens on the river's side,
And stately grandeur, towering, tall,
Are all the splendor I can apply.

Upwards the apple's red is gold,
The blushing tint of peach and pear;
The mirror of the Powow told
What fruits the bountiful hand had sown.

Wind thus the fruits be storned to till,
These tales of the little hunter road.
Now know the glad, creative skill,
That makes the wild fruit ripe and bold.

O! Painter of the fruits and flowers!
We thank Thee for Thy wise design,
Whereby these human hands of ours
In Nature's garden find their home!

At the break of day from my daily need
The taste of simple life is here;
That he who strives the easiest need
May trust Thee, O my Father, here.

Gives every man his golden, and knows their power,
For a fortune's bubbles the fall;—
Who sees a field drooping a flower,
Or plucks a rose, and leaves it fall.

He who is born must meet a test,
And man shall own his worth
Who toils to leave as his heritage.

An added benefit is given,
A son, or sons, to all that sow;

The flower shall bloom; the fruit shall grow;
If not on earth, then in Elysium!

J. G. W.

For the Standard.

THE QUADROON'S REVENGE.

CHAPTER VII.

"Ye, golly! but we's gwine to have a rale time to-morrow night," cried Jim, as he tossed up his hat in front of one of the cabin.

"W hat fur you makin' dis sort fur, Jim?" asked an old gray headed negro, who was sitting out in front of his cabin, enjoying the cool of the evening, and playing with a little black baby—he grandchild, no doubt.

"Why, kase I tates de wimmin, and caze now, forehand."

"An' ain't we gwine to have a dance o' Nebraska green?"

"No, we's gwine to have a dance long o' any black gal."

"Dat's de way Jim alivers does; he alivers hnts up de

light gal's pay to teat when he is at parties; I don't like Jim n' hit."

"I don't want you ter," and he tossed up his hat with apparently the most arrogant bravado.

"I reckons now you thinks you can have Aggy to dance long o' you to-morrow night, but I know Aggy won't turn a real long no ugger as black as you is."

"I is a nigger, an' if you calls me dat agin, you shan't come to de party nor dance none o' you's."

"You is a nigger, m' field hand at dat, en' I maint to say it many times as I chuse ter."

Jim seized a formidable looking stick, and, rushing toward her, was about to inflict what he considered a merited punishment, when a crack of the overseer's whip brought order about instantly.

"Get about to yer niggers, and don't stand joring here; to you wares every one of you. It is the way you spend your holiday, I'll let you have less of it. Get round and get at somethin'."

"Dat's de way to serve 'em," muttered the old man as he glided into the cabin, taking the baby with him.

"Allere a fusin' no fightin'," said Giny, as she passed along; "pure white folks ate ears den evaps when dey git sole overnumm' riggers."

"None o' you mes, to me, I'll take you to the post right off."

"No, ye wou', Mister Johnson; you has no control over me. Ye, de field hand; I tell you now, de last white man has hold on me dat ever I am gwine to let. Better not trouble long a' me."

Mr. Johnson probably remembered the limit to his power, and, swallowing his rage in a maledict oath, allowed the woman to pass on.

The house was in a delightful state of excitement. Everybody was as busy and anxious as could be, except the bride elect. She seemed quite indifferent, now scampering off with Don Pedro, now laughing at Josephine and an companion of Aggy's ill temper and "out-of-sortsness," as she termed it. Obviously, she would meet Raymond with the most enthusiastic welcome, calling him by a hundred pet names; but these attacks of enthusiasm were paroxysmal and did not last long. A wilful and petted child, she could ill brook even the restraints of affection. Following every wayward fancy, now upon her horse scouring the neighborhood for miles around, or chasing and playing with Don Pedro, or out on the hills sketching a beautiful scene, she but little understood the repose and quiet of a satisfied life. Yet every one loved her with her caprices. Her heart was soon to be found in the bosom of the happy ones when I am married, now, Aggy!" if you don't put on a happier face when I am married, I shall have the honor. Chear up and look bright on your mistress's wedding-day. Give your new master a kiss. I expect you will be a favorite with him. Heaven! is the girl going to faint?"

"No, no, Miss Marian! only I feel so sick and weak."

"Sit down, girl, sit down. Why, you must be ill-pawt away, sweepin' the floor. I didn't know that you were really sick."

Many a little kind offices Marian strove to soothe the quadroon. She was as tender with her as though she had been a lady and her equal in social life. For the moment they exchanged positions, and Marian reddened back the service she had many times received.

The wedding passed off quietly in the house. The recent death of Mr. Deloce prevented any display or open celebration; but the slaves had a regular rejoicing, or, as they termed it, a "spree"—a dance upon the green, full moonlight—after which a bonfire collation of pie, cakes, baked meats, &c., luxuries such as they only enjoyed once or twice in a life-time. And so they were for the time being, in their simple, childish way.

For Aggy went through with her part with a chilid action.

"My pleasure is always closing; no more pleasant parties—no trips up to the glow-worm will be maps at home like an ant's hole, to me, waiting for my lord; then adding, "Nay, Jossy, I'm going to have a real funny time. I mean to go to the city just the same, and teach William drearily, by a life of incessant pleasure; but look at Aggy! bow very solemn she seems. Now, Aggy, if you don't put on a happier face when I am married, I shall have the honor. Chear up and look bright on your mistress's wedding-day. Give your new master a kiss. I expect you will be a favorite with him. Heaven! is the girl going to faint?"

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"Twas she who decked her mistress for the bridal with that same careful, painstaking hand. She placed the wedding wreath upon Marian's brow, and tastefully arranged the nuptial veil, all the while cracking bush her own heart's agony.

"Very beautiful, Miss Marian," replied the girl, as her mistress stepped out in front of her; and lovely she did indeed appear, with the rich draperies of white falling in heavy folds around her little form, looped up, and there with a rainbow-tipped pearl, while the silk rings seemed stealing out from the light impressions of a flowing lace veil. She was fair as the flowers she held in her labor cease."

She did not, would not, wait the marriage ceremonies, as did the other servants, from the open windows and back balconies. No, she stood a way to one of the cabins, and, with no companion but the all-sainted moonlight, gave free vent to the pent-up feelings of her heart.

"Aggy!"—the lady addressed, as if she feared to go on; the quadroon was silent, but there was a look of anxious interest in her face.

"Aggy!"—another pause—and then, as if by a deep effort, she continued: "Aggy, what is the matter with me? I have a pain in my head."

Mary Raymond fat sometimes as it would give great pleasure to thank her and once or twice attempted it, but there was a sting in the cold, averted eye which checked him in the first breath.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Did you ring, Miss Marian?" asked the quadroon, as she opened the door of Marian's sitting-room.

"Yes, I did."

The girl walked up to her mistress's chair, and stood awaiting the order.

"Aggy!"—the lady addressed, as if she feared to go on; the quadroon was silent, but there was a look of anxious interest in her face.

"Aggy!"—another pause—and then, as if by a deep effort, she continued: "Aggy, what is the matter with me? I have a pain in my head."

Next morning, the overseer assembled the slaves—seventy-five in number—to call the ground, saying,

"Now, get yourselves in order to receive your new

and with shining face, made brighter with a smile of welcome, they flew off in regular order, each one putting on his best looks.

When they were quite ready, the overseer invited Mr. Raymond to go out and inspect his property. Marian came out. The slaves howled exceedingly low, testifying their welcome; and James (the butler) had prepared a neat little speech, and delivered it in a manner so fitting our public speakers would do well to imitate. To this Mr. Raymond replied, though he was bound to confess, with less grace than the slave; but in default of superior oratory, he tossed into their midst a purse of silver coin—a marriage gift—which he desired should be equally divided between the seventy-five. This called forth several rounds of hearty applause, and shouts for Master Raymond and Miss Marian.

We shall pass over five years—during which time masters moved along seemingly in their usual way at Oakford.

Marian, now the happy mother of two blooming children (a son and daughter), still played with Don Pedro and minded herself in the open way. She was perhaps a little more quiet and subdued than when we first met her, but still wayward and impetuous, leaning as ever upon Aggy's superior forbearance and care.

But Aggy! poor Aggy! to her had come the greatest change. Let us look in upon her, as she sits in her quiet little room which leads off from the back veranda, and is just within hailing of her mistress's chamber.

That is a neat little apartment, with its sauced floor, cool white curtains, crocks of flowers and shelves of books. We almost seem familiar with it from its very look of tidy home comfort. There sits Aggy in her rocking-chair, embroidering a sleeve for Miss Marian's blouse, a little girl of about four years and six months, also in a rocking-chair, looking from the window, and such a pretty appearance, only half that age. At a first glance the child would be pronounced ugly; but examine those large, velvety eyes that carry the expression of a transitory grief; look at the florescence of that mouth—its all-defeat curve; see the delicacy of the mould of face, and you cannot pronounce it ugly. There is a tenderness, a softness about it which make you forget the sickly palor and meagreness of flesh. It crochets at its mother's feet, for no healthy life and motion are in those feeble limbs, and that little pinwheel walk comes sadly on the ear, telling of physical suffering.

Tis Aggy's child—a sad link connecting her with the past—see how tenderly she watches it. See the mother-like showered down upon it in those anxious glances. If it bat moves uneasily, she is by to inquire what it wants, and by every possible means shudder from the approach of pain.

—What does Lenny want?" the work is thrown aside, and the child is on the mother's lap. "What, darling, what ails thee? Is it a pain there? then needs up to mother—say what ails thee? Poor thing!" she added in soliloquy, "you have had nothing but pain in the world, yet you give your mother much joy. What would I be, Lenny, without you? You are the only life I have to live. You won't die, you won't leave your mother, Will you?"

The child put up its little wan hands and stroked the mother's cheek.

"I love you, mother, Lenny!" "Yes, mamma, why you cry?" asked the child, as its fingers were moistened by the fast dropping of Aggy's tears. "I always cry, mama—what for?"

"Oh, do I, dear child? I am angry and make you sad when I should be trying to make you happy—I am not fit to be a mother; but when I have been—but that is Miss Marian's bell—now, sit down with me, Lenny, without you? You are the only life I have to live. You won't die, you won't leave your mother, Will you?"

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